4-2-1959

THE TOWER
April 2, 1959
California School of Fine Arts
Number 3

CONCERT PROGRAM

Thursday, April 2, 1959

12:30-1:30

Social Hall, C.S.F.A.

Pianist- Alfred Kanwischer

Third Partita	Bach
Chaconne in D minor	Bach-Busoni
Excursions	Barber
Duet	Kanwischer
The Fountain	Ravel

Mr. Kanwischer is from New York. He has studied with Egon Petri and was resently released from the army. His resent performances were heard on KPFA and at the Opus One. Mr. Kanwischer will be guest pianist with Arthur Fiedler here in the city next summer.

Anual A
Annual Announcement

Work of the following people will be on exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art for their participation in the 78th Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. The exhibition will close May 3.

Jeremy Anderson
Elmer Bischoff
Sungwoo Chun
Robert Downs
Ralph DuCasse
Gloria Dudfield
Wally Hedrick
Hayward King
Robert McFarland
Renata McLean
William McLean
Nancy Manning
A. Mel-De-Fontenay
Keith Metzler
William Morehouse
Katherine Newby
Win Ng
Arthur Okamura
William Reynolds
Everett Turner
Jacquelinne White
Sally Whitten
Bill Wiley

Awards:

Robert Downs	$500-Emanual Walter Purchase Prize, painting
Win Ng	$150-Purchase Prize, sculpture
William Morehouse	$100-Wm. Gerstle Award, collage
William Wiley	$100- Bank of America Award, painting
Jeremy Anderson	$100- Bank of California Award, sculpture
Keith Metzler	$100- Grumbacher Award, painting.

f cock robin is really dead,
Then why can't we speak of things immortal
in terms of everydayness?
Who the hell is Buddha anyway?
And whatis more when less is more than we can stand?

Tenderness is only what comes before passion
Which is more than you can do.
So they make it cheap
So they can take it
And make it---
Half drunk
With the acid taste of stale beer
in clinging mouths,
wishing they could get it over
and go back to wishing they could do it again,
With a heavy thighed old whore old whore
in a sugar cane field
and come away scratching and wishing that you hadn't
cause you needed the five bucks for baby food.
But it's ok
cause you get nine hundred when you re-enlist for six
and that ain't many.

P. Perkis
3/31/59

Five Lies

Marcia cried with shinning eyes
I sat silent.
No one knew our five lies,
each for the dead that day.
One for the innocence that we were.
One for the pseudo we knew.
One for the bird we envied.
One for the shield we shun.
And one for the love we knew not.
All told in a play of our five lies.
All in a lie of day.

Lina Stevenson

To D.L. With Passion

SEE . . .THE HEAVY LEAF ON THIS SILENT WINDLESS DAY . . .FALLS OF ITS OWN WILL
then
YELLOW EVENING SUN . . .LONG SHADOW OF THE SCARECROW REACHES TO THE ROAD
NOT A VOICE OR STIR . . .DARKNESS LIES ON FIELDS AND STREETS . . .SAD:THE MOON-
Has Set
the heavy leaf NINE TIMES ARISING TO SEE THE MOON . . .
WHOSE SOLEMN PACE MARKS ONLY MIDNIGHT YET.
LET US ARRANGE THESE FLOWERS . . .SINCE THERE IS NO RICE.

They will come whatever
Their eyes bright and wanted,
Small children in Sunday clothes
Bringing prayer and rosary.
They will come whatever
This is tenderness.

She has been smiling.
Your beautiful mother has been smiling.
I kissed her on the cheek.
I Kissed her on the cheek . . .

Tom Houser
(capitalized lines from "Haiku")

Curly, he says,
that cook.
the food is the most . . . . . I'll have in a day
except for orange in the morn and mud(real mud) at the breaks,
Oh yea;
I don't like the new hole in my belt to keep up my pants
but the cook is sweel— and the food is . . . . . well
Oh yea!
(sweelll?)
I got to go there all the time
that cook
the food
I'm curly for 65 cents and well . . . . .
it's my one meal a day gone to hell.

Unsig ned